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GARLAND  
OF  
NEW SONGS.

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The Post Captain  
The Maid of Lodi  
The Beggar Girl  
Sally in our Alley  
The Woodland Maid



Newcastle upon Tyne :

Printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market.  
*Where may also be had, a large and interesting Collection  
of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.*

*The Post Captain.*

**W**HEN Steerwell heard me first impart

Our brave commander's story,  
With ardent zeal his youthful heart  
Swell'd high for naval glory;  
Resolv'd to gain a valliant name,  
For bold adventures eager,  
When first a little cabin-boy on board the  
Fame,

He would hold on the jigger,  
While ten jolly tars, with musical Joe,  
Hove the anchor a-peak, singing, Yo,  
heave yo!  
Yo, heave yo! yo, heave yo! yo, heave yo!  
While ten jolly tars, &c.

To hand top-ga'nt-fails next he learn'd,  
With quickness care, and spirit,  
Whose generous master then discern'd,  
And priz'd his dawning merit:  
He taught him soon to reef and steer,  
When storms convuls'd the ocean;  
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear:  
Which mark'd him for promotion.  
As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,  
When he gave the command, hard a-port!  
helm a-lee!

Luff, boy, luff! keep her near!  
 Clear the buoy, make the pier!  
 None to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,  
 When he gave the command, in the pool  
 or at sea,

Hard a-port! helm a-lee!

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,  
 The foe he oft defeated;  
 And now, with fame and fortune crown'd,  
 Post Captain he is rated:  
 Who, should our injured country bleed,  
 Still bravely would defend her;  
 Now blest with peace, if beauty plead,  
 He'll prove his heart as tender.  
 Unaw'd, yet mild, to high and low,  
 To poor or wealthy, friend or foe,  
 Wounded tars share his wealth,  
 All the fleet drink his health.  
 Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,  
 Which always are ready compassion to shew  
 To a brave conquer'd foe.

*The Maid of Lodi*

**I** SING the Maid of Lodi,  
 Who sweetly sung to me;  
 Whose brows were never cloudy,  
 Nor e'er dissent with glee:

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She values not the wealthy,  
Unless they're great and good,  
For she is strong and healthy,  
And by labour earns her food.

And when her day's work's over,  
Around a cheerful fire  
She sings, or rests contented :  
What more can man desire ?  
Let those who squander millions  
Review her happy lot,  
They'll find their proud pavilions  
Inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma  
Some villains seiz'd my coach,  
And dragg'd me to a cavern,  
Most dreadful to approach,  
By which the Maid of Lodi  
Came trotting from the fair,  
She paus'd to hear my wailings,  
And see me tear my hair.

Then to her market basket  
She tied her poney's rein :  
I thus by female courage  
Was dragg'd to life again !

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She led me to her dwelling,  
 She cheer'd my heart with wine ;  
 And then she deck'd a table  
 At which the gods might dine.

Among the mild Madonas  
 Her features you may find ;  
 But not the fam'd Corregios  
 Could ever paint her mind.  
 Then sing the Maid of Lodi,  
 Who sweetly sung to me ;  
 And when this maid is married,  
 Still happier may she be.

*The Beggar Girl.*

**O**VER the mountain and over the moor,  
 Hungry and barefoot, I wander forlorn ;  
 My father is dead and my mother is poor,  
 And she grieves for the days that will never return.  
 Pity, kind gentlefolk, friends to humanity,  
 Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on ;  
 Give me some food for my mother, in charity,  
 Give me some food, and then I'll be gone.

Call me not lazy-back beggar, and bold enough ;  
 Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew ;  
 I've two little brothers at home, when they're old  
 enough,  
 They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.  
 Pity, kind gentle folk, &c.

O think, while you revel, so careless and free,  
 Secure from the wind, and well clothed and fed,  
 Should fortune so change it, how hard it would be  
 To beg at a door for a morsel of bread.  
 Pity, kind gentle folk, &c.

*Sally in our Alley.*

**O**F all the girls that are so smart,  
 There's none like pretty Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley:  
 There is no lady in the land  
 Is half so sweet as Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,  
 And through the streets does cry 'em:  
 Her mother she sells laces long,  
 To such as please to buy 'em:  
 But sure such folk could ne'er beget  
 So sweet a girl as Sally!  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,  
 (I love her so sincerely)  
 My master comes, like any turk,  
 And bangs me most severely:

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But, let him bang his belly full,  
 I'll bear it all for Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,  
 I dearly love but one day,  
 And that's the day that comes betwixt  
 A Saturday and Monday ;  
 For then I'm dress'd, all in my best,  
 To walk abroad with Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
 And often am I blamed  
 Because I leave him in the lurch,  
 As soon as text is named :  
 I leave the church in sermon time,  
 And slink away to Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,  
 O then I shall have money ;  
 I'll hoard it up, and box and all  
 I'll give it to my honey :

I would it were ten thousand pounds,  
 I'd give it to my Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,  
 Make game of me and Sally;  
 And, but for her, I'd better be  
 A slave and row a galley:  
 But when my seven long years are out,  
 O then I'll marry Sally;  
 O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,  
 But not in our alley.

*The Woodland Maid.*

THE Woodland maid, my beauty's queen  
 In nature's simple charm array'd,  
 This heart subdues;—that matchless mien  
 Still binds me to the Woodland Maid.

Let others sigh for mines of gold,  
 For wide domain, for gay parade;  
 I would, unmov'd such toys behold,  
 Possess'd of thee, sweet woodland maid.

*FINIS.*